LXI. THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF ST. AGATHA AT CATANIA.

CATANIA, SICILY, Friday, Aug. 20, 1852. I went on board the speronara in the harbor of La Valetta at the appointed hour, (5 P. M.) and found the remaining sixteen passengers already embarked. The Captain made his appearance an hour later, with our bill of health and passports, and as the sun went down behind the brown hills of the island, ed the wave-worn rocks of the promontor the two harbors, and slowly moved off toward

The Maltese speroners resembles the ancient Roman salley more than any modern craft. It has the same high, curved poop and stern, the same short masts and broad, square sails. The hull is too broad for speed. but this adds to the security of the vessel in a gale. With a fair wind, it rarely makes more than eight knots an hour, and in a calm, the sailors (when not too lazy) propel it forward with six long oars. The hull is paint ed in a fanciful style, generally blue, red, green and white, with bright red masts. The bulwarks are low, and the deck of such a convexity that it is quite impos sible to walk it in a heavy sea. Such was the vessel to which I found myself consigned. It was not more than fifty feet long, and of less capacity than a Nile There was a sort of deck cabin, or crib, with two berths, but most of the passengers slept in the hold. For a passage to Catania I was obliged to pay 40 france, the owner swearing that this was the regular price; but, as I afterward discovered, the Maltese only paid 36 france for the whole trip. However, the Cap tain tried to make up the money's worth in civilities and was incessant in his attentions to "your Lordship, as he styled me and my companion, Casar di Cagnola,

The Maltese were tailors and clerks, who were taking a beliday trip to witness the great festival of St. Agatha. With two exceptions, they were a wild and senseless though good-natured set, and in spite of sea-sickness which exercised them terribly for the first two days. kept up a constant jabber in their bastard Arabic from morning till night. As is usual in such a company, one of them was obliged to serve as a butt for the rest, and Maestro Paolo," as they termed him, wore such a pro foundly serious face all the while, from his sea sickness, that the fun never came to an end. As they were going to a religious festival, some of them had brought their breviaries along with them; but I am obliged to testify that, after the first day, prayers were totally forgotten The sailors, however, wore linen bags, printed with a figure of the Madonna, around their necks.

a voung Milanese.

The sea was rather rough, but Cassar and I fortified our stemachs with a bottle of English ale, and as it was dark by this time, cought our resting-places for the As we had neid double, places were assured us in the coop on deck, but beds were not included in the The Maltere, who had brought mattresses, and spread a large Phalansterian bed in the hold, fared much better. I took one of my carpet-bags for a pillow and lay down on the planks, where I succeeded in getting a little sleep between the groans of the helpless land-lubbers. We had the ponente, or west-wind, all night, but the speronara moved sluggishly, and in the morning it changed to the greco-levante, or north east. No land was in sight, but toward noon the sky became clearer and we saw the southern coast of Sicily-a bold moun win-shore looming phantom-like in the distance. Cape Passaro was to the east, and the rest of the day was spent in beating up to it. At sunset we were near ugh to see the villages and olive-groves of the beau tiful shore, and far behind the nearer mountains, ninety miles distant, the solitary cone of Etna.

The second night passed like the first, except that our bruised limbs were rather more sensitive to the texture of the planks. We crawled out of our coop at dawn expecting to behold Catania in the distance; but there was Cape Passaro still staring us in the face. The Maltese were patient and we did not complain, though Casar and I began to make nice calculations as to the probable duration of our two cold fowls and three baves of bread. The promontory of Syracuse was barely visible forty miles ahead, but the wind was against us, and so another day passed in beating up the Eastern coast. At dusk we overtook another speronara which had left Malta two hours before us, and this was quite a triumph to our captain. All the oars were shipped, the sailors and some of the more courageon passengers took hold, and we shot shead, scudding rapidly along the dark shores, to the sound of wild Maltese songs. At length the promontory was gained, and the restless current, rolling down from Scylla and Charybdis, tossed our little bark from wave to wave with a recklessness that would have made any one nervous but an old sailor like myself.

To-morrow morning," said the Captain, " we shall eail into Catania," but after a third night on the plauks, which were now a little softer, we rose to find ourselves abreast of Syracuse, with Etna as distant as ever. The wind was light, and what little we made by tacking was whole forenoon, we kept a straight course across the mouth of the channel, and at sunset saw the Calabrian Mountains. This move only lost us more ground, as it Casar and I mournfully and silently med our last fragment of beef, with the re maining dry cruste of bread, and then est down to smoke and see whether the Captain would discover our situation. But 20: while we were supplied, the whole vessel was at our Lord command, and now that we were destitute, he took care to make no rush offers. Cosar, at last, with on imperial dignity becoming his name, commanded dinner. It came, and the pork and maccaroni, moissened with red Sicilian wine, gave us patience for an

The fourth morning dawned, and-Great Neptune be praised !-we were actually within the Gulf of Catania. Etna loomed up in all his sublime bulk, unobscured by cloud or mist, while a slender jet of smoke, rising from his crater, was slowly curling its wreaths in the clear air, as if happy to receive the first beam of the sun. The towers of Syracuse, which had mocked us all the preceding day, were no longer visible; the land locked little port of Augusta lay behind us, and as the wind d favorable, ere long we saw a faint white mark at the foot of the mountain. This was Catania. The shores of the bay were enlivened by olive groves, and the gleam of villages, while here and there a single palm dreamed of its brothers across the sea. Etna of course had the monarch's place in the landscape, but even his large, magnificent outlines could not usurp all my feeling. The purple peaks to the westward and farther in and, had a beauty of their own, and in the gentle curves with which they leaned toward each other, there was a promise of the flowery meadows of Enns. The smooth blue water was speckled with fishing boats. We bailed one, inquiring when the fests was to commence but, mistaking our question, they answered: " ancho vice." Thereupon a waggish Maltese informed them that Macetro Paolo thanked them heartily. All the other boate were hailed in the name of Maestro Paolo, who having recovered from his sea-sickness, took his banter

Catania presented a lovely picture as we drew near Planted at the very foot of Etna, it has a ekground such as neither Naples nor Genoa can boast. The hills next the sea are covered with gardens and orchards, sprinkled with little villages and the ecuntry palaces of the nobles,-a rich, cultured landscape, which gradually merges into the forests of oak and chestnut that girdle the waist of the great volcano. But all the wealth of Southern vegetation cannot hide the footsteps of that Ruin, which from time to time visite the soil. Half-way up, the mountain side is dotted with cones of ashes and cinders, some covered with the scanty shrubbery which centuries have called forth, some barren and recent; while two dark, winding streems of sterile lava descend to the very shore, where they stand congesled in ragged needles and pyramids.

Part of one of these black floods has swept the town and, tambling into the sea, walls one side of the port. We glided slowly past the mole, and dropped sucho few yards from the shore. There was a sor; of oper ande planted with trees, in front of us, surround ed with high white houses, above which rose the dome of the Cathed al and the spires of other churches. The magnificent palace of Prince Biscari was on our right and at its foot the Customs and Revenue officers. Every roof, portice and window was lined with lamps, a tri hal arch spanned the street before the palace, and the landing-place at the offices was festooned with crimson and white drapery, spangled with gold. While we were waiting permission to land, a scene presented it self which recalled the heathen days of Sicily to my mind. A procession came in eight from under the

trees, and passed along the above. In the center was borne a stately shrine, hung with garlands and contain-ing an image of St. Agatha. The sound of flutes and cymbals accompanied it, and a band of children, bearing orange and palm branches, danced riotously before. Had the image been Pan instead of St. Agatha, the care-

monies would have been quite as appropriate. The speronara's boat at last took us to the gorgeous anding place, where we were carefully counted by a fat Sicilian official, and declared free from quarantine We were then called into the Passport Offi the Maltese underwent a searching examination. One of the officers sat with the Black Book or list of sucpected persons of all nations, open before him, and looked for each name as it was called out. Another scanned the faces of the frightened tailors, as if comparing them with certain revolutionary visages in his mind. Terrible was the keen, detective glance of his eye, and it went straight through the poor Maltese, who vanished with great rapidity when they were declared free to enter the city. At last they all passed the ordeal, but Cæsar and I remained, looking in the door. "There are still these two Frenchmen," said the captain. " am no Frenchman," I protested; "I am an American "And I," said Cæsar, "am an Austrian subject. Thereupon we received a polite invitation to enter, the terrible glance softened into a benign, respectful smile he of the Black Book ran lightly over the C's and T's and said, with a courteous inclination: "There is nothing against the signori." I felt quite relieved by this, for in the Mediterranean one, is never safe from spies, and no person is too insignificant to escape the ban, if once suspected.

Calabria was filled to overflowing with strongers from all parts of the Two Sicilies, and we had some deficulty in finding very bad and dear lodgings. It was the first day of the fosts, and the streets were filled with peasants, the men in black velvet jackets and breeches white stockings, and long white cotton caps hanging on he shoulders, and the women with gay silk shawls on their heads, after the manner of Mexican rebots. In all the public squares, the market scene in Massaniello was acted to the life. The Sicilian dialect is harsh and barbarous, and the original Italian is so disguised by the admixture of Arabic, Spenish, French and Greek words, that even my imperial friend, who was a born Italian

had great difficulty in understanding the people.

I purchased a guide to the fests, which, among other things, contained a biography of St. Agatha. It is a beautiful specimen of pious writing, and I regret that I cannot translate the whole of it. Agatha was a beautiful Catanian virgin, who secretly embraced Christianity during the reign of Nero. Catania was then governed by a pretor named Quintianus, who, becoming en amored of Agatha, used the most brutal means to compet her to submit to his desires, but without effect. At last, driven to the cruclest extremes, he cut off her breasts and threw her into prison. But at midnight St. Peter, accompanied by an angel, aypeared to her, restored the naimed parts and left her more beautiful than ever. Quintianus then ordered a furnace to be heated and cast her therein. A terrible earthquake shook the city the sun was eclipsed; the sea rolled backward and left its bottom dry; the pretor's palace fell in ruins and he, pursued by the vengeance of the populace, de l till he reached the river Simeto, where he was drowned in attempting to cross. "The thunders of the vengeance of God," says the biography, "struck him down nto the profoundest Hell!" This was in the year 252.

The body was carried to Constantinople in 1949, " al aigh the Catanians wept incessantly at their loss, but in 1126, two French knights, named Gilisbert and Goselin, were moved by angelic influences to restore it to its native town, which they accomplished, "and the eyes of the Catanians again burned with joy," The miracles effected by the Saint are numberless, and her power is especially efficacious in preventing carriquakes and eruptions of Mount Etna. Nevertheless, Catania has suffered more from these causes than any other town in Sicily. But I would that all Saints had as good a claim to canonization as St. Agatha. The nors of such a festival as this are not out of place, when paid to such youth, beauty and "heavenly charti

The guide, which I have already consulted, gives a full account of the festa, in advance, with a description of Catania. The author says: " If thy heart is not in spired by gazing on this levely city, it is a fatal signthou wert not born to feel the sweet impulses of the beautiful!" Then, in announcing the illuminations and pyrotechnic displays, he exclaims: "Oh, the amazing spectacle! Oh, how happy art thou that thou behold est it! What pyramids of lumps! What myriads of rockets! What wonderful temples of flame! The Mountain himself is astonished at such a display." And truly, except the illumination of the Golden Horn on Night of Predestination, I have seen nothing equal to the spectacle presented by Catania, during the past three nights. The city, which has been built up from her ruins more stately than ever, was in a blaze of light -all her domes, towers, and the long lines of her benatiful palaces revealed in the varying red and golden flames of a hundred thousand lamps and torches. Pyramids of fire, transparencies and illuminated triumphal arches spinning up from one of the pores of Etna. At 10 o'clock, a corgeous display of fire-works closed the day's festivities, but the lamps remained burning nearly

On the second night the grand Procession of the Vell took place. I witnessed this imposing spectacle from the balcony of Prince Gessina's palace. Long lines of waxen torches led the way, followed by a military band, and then a company of the highest prelates, in who walked under a canopy of silk and gold, bearing the miraculous veil of St. Agatha, I was blossed with distant view of it, but could see no traces of the rosy hue left upon it by the flames of the Saint's martyrdom Behind the pricets came the Intendente of Sicily, Gen. Filangieri, the same who three years ago gave up Ca tania to sack and slaughter. He was followed by the Senate of the City, who have just had the cringing cow ardice to offer him a ball on next Sunday night. If ever a man deserved the vengeance of an outraged people, it is this Filangieri, who was first a Liberal, when the cause promised success, and then made himself the scourge of the vilest of Kings. As he passed me last night, in his carriage of State, while the music pealed in rich, rejoicing strains, that solemn chant with which the monks break upon the revelers in "Lucrezia Borgia," came into my mind:

"La gioja dei profani E un fumo passegier'—"

[the rejuicing of the profane is a transitory mist.] I heard, under the din of all these festivities, the voice of that Retribution, which even now lies in wait, and will not long be delayed.

To-night Signor Scavo, the American Vice-Consultook me to the palace of Prince Biscari, overlooking the harbor, in order to behold the grand display of fire-works from the end of the mole. The showers of rockets and colored stars, and the temples of blue and silver fire, were repeated in the dark, quiet bosom of the sea, producing the most dazzling and startling offects. There was a large number of the Catanese no bility present, and among them a Marchesa Givoeni, the descendant of the bloody house of Anjou. Prince Biscari is a benign, courtly old man, and greatly esteemed here. His son is at present in exile on account of the part he took in the late revolution. During the sack of the city under Filangieri, the palace was plundered of property to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The museum of Greek and Roman antiquities attached to it, and which the house of Biscari has been collecting for many years, is probably the finest in Sicily. partments were thrown open this evening. and when I left, an hour ago, the greater portion of the guests were going through mazy quadrilles on the

Among the antiquities of Catania which I have visited, are the Amphitheater, capable of holding 15,000 persons, the old Greek Theater, the same in which Alcimade his noted barangue to the Catanians, the Odeon and the ancient Baths. The Theater, which is in telerable preservation, is built of lava, like many of the modern edifices in the city. The Baths proved to me, what I had supposed, that the Oriental Bath of the present day is identical with that of the Ancients. Why so admirable an institution has never been introduced into Europe, (except in the Beins Chinois of Paris,) is more than I can tell. From the pavement of these baths, which is nearly twenty feet below the surface of the earth, the lava of later eruptions has burst up in places, in hard black jets. The most wonderful token of that flood which whelmed Carania two hundred years ego, is to be seen at the Grand Benedictine Convent of San Nicola, in the upper part of the city. Here the stream of lava divides itself just before the Convent.

and flows past on both sides, leaving the building and hed. The marble courts, the fountains, the splendid galleries, and the gardens of richest southera bloom and fragrance, stand like an epicurean island in the midst of the terrible stony waves, whose edges bristle with the thorny aloe and cactus. The make of San Nicola are all chosen from the Sicilian nobility, and live a comfortable life of luxury and vice. Each one has his own earriage, horses and servants, and each has private chambers outside of the convent walls and his kept concubines. These facts are known and acswledged by the Catanians, to whom they are a lasting scandal.

It is past midnight, and I must close. Cosar started this afternoon alone, for the secent of Etna. I would have accompanied him, but my only chance of reaching Messina in time for the next st umer to Naples is the diligence which leaves here to-morrow. The mountain has been covered with clouds for the last two days, and I have had no view at all comparable to that of the morning of my arrival. To-morrow the grand procession of the Body of St. Agatha takes place. but I am quite satisfied with three days of processions and horse races, and three nights of illuminations.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Signor Scavo, American Vice-Consul, for the kind attentions he has shown me. As our Government, in its eager ness to economize pays nothing-not even the postage on its letters-he prefers considering the appointment an honorary one, and has never accepted even the scanty fees to which he is entirled I was glad to learn at least, that the office protected him during the sack of Carapia, when his house and that of the English Con ul were the only ones in the city untouched by the brutal soldiery of Filangieri.

I leave early in the morning, having been obliged to procure and pay a dollar for a Sicilian passport, my own availing me nothing, after landing. Commend me to the burbarous Turk, "if this is a Christian

TRADE WITH LABRADOR .- A petition has we learn, lately been presented to the different branches of our Legislature, by parties largely interested in this trade, preying that their imports of produces chiefly fish, old and furse-may be admitted into Canada free of duty. The Labrador coast, and its trade, is but little known rimong us: and, we confess, until informed by Mr.—, who favored us with a call on Safarday last, and who its largely and has been long engaged in its commerce, we had a very imperfect idea or its importance. Besides great numbers of Equinams, by whom it is frequented, we find that it afords occupation in hunting fishing and trading, to a permanent population it is frequented, we find that it affords occupation in hunting, fishing and trading, to a permanent population of shout ten thousand souls, and is visited, during the fishing sea on, by about twenty thousand in addition. The coast extends for about four hundred miles, and abounds in excellent harbors, on which the trading posts are situated. The annual exports, in oil, is a and turn, falls but lattle short of £1,000,000 in value; and the importe—provisions, clothing, &c., for the settlement—afford freight for about one hundred and fifty trading vessels, from the United States, New-Brunswick and Nova Scotis, seventy being from the last named Nora Scotis, seventy being from the last named province. Higherto, this not unimportant trade has, we understand, been shoost exclusively in the hands of our neighbors, whereas our geographical position, and the character of our exports—breadstuffs and pork—and of neighbors, whereas our geographical position, and the character of our exports—breadatuffs and pork—and of those from Labrador—oils, fish, &c.—ought, with pru-dent and reasonable management, to secure us a large share of it. All that is necessary to secure this new branch of trade, is for us to put our Labradorian neigh-bors on the same footing in our ports as they now are in those of Nova Scotia, New-Brunswick and Newtonal-land—under the government of which is a colony, we understand, their settlements are nominally placed—that is, to reciprocate the freedom of trade, which they extend to sil. Let their produce be admitted into Can de, as it now is into our sixter colonies, free of all duty—the present rate of 12½ per cent, being sufficient to exclude their imperis from our ports.

LETTERS OF THE LATE HON, DANIEL WEB-STER.—The undersigned have been appointed the Literary Executors of the late. Hon. Deniel Webster, and accepted the trust conferred upon them by his last

They desire, therefore, to give notice to all persons or copies for the purpose of future publication, in such manner as shall seem most worthy of Mr. Webster au

or ceptes for the purpose of that put accord, in start of his correspondents.

Mr. Webster settlers form a very considerable part of his unpublished writings. Many of them are of great political and historical importance, and all of them cidate his personal history and character. While it is hoped that it is quite unnecessary to say to those who have been honored by his correspond once that the legal right to publish the letters of a decessed person belongs only to those who represent him, yet the undersigned, in order to prevent the irregular and acutared publication of Mr. Webster's letters in the newspapers and other periodicals, take occasion to give notice of the duty they have undertaken, and of their consequent legal rights. They trust that all friends will feel no hestation in committing to their charge whatever letters of Mr. Webster they may possess; and the undersigned will love no time in preparing for the props a compileation of such of these papers as may be adapted for publication.

EUMARD EVERETT. CORNELIUS C. FELTON.

EDWARD EVERETT, CORNELIES C. FELTON, GEO, T. CÉRTIS. Literary Executive unfor the will of Basic Web by.

The above notice is given with our consent and ap

CAROLINE LARGY WEBSTER, FLETCHER WEBSTER, ordy of the Kasculors of Daniel Web-

Students in Wesleyan University.

At a meeting of the students of the Wesleyan University, held on the 29th of October, the following

an University, held on the 29th of October, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved. That the students of the Wosleyan University, in common with their fellow-country men everywhere, means deeply the death of Daniel Webster.

The voice of grief at this national hereave must cannot be confined within the darkened Senate Chamber, or to the deserted forum. In the hals of learning the name of Webster has not been un-poken—and he cannot be there unremembered or unmourned. It was but a yesterday that his mujestic chaptene.

"This a bond of air (errong as the uxlettee On which heaven ridge) and is our intering ears. To his experienced tongthe."

To day we are startled by the consciousness that the Great Counsellor is gone—that our country has now no Webster, but in its instory.

There is a grief that finds its fullest expression in siltence. But when sorrow mingled with dread fells upon men—a loss that impet them instinctively to think of their ownselfer, when the strong staff is broken—the great puller fallen—when a clear, strong limit has van-

great puller faller.—when as clear, strong light has van-ial ed into the thick derkness of death, then it is be-coming that near should speak to each other, so that they be not left each alone to the thoughts of his own heart, left they grow forgetful of duty—becoming that they should mourn together, and together grow hopeful d strong again. We remember in Daniel Webster one of the purest

of patriots, the clearest, strongest intellect in American history. We remember him as preéminently an Amer

can. His intellect was a well developed type of what we His intellect was a well developed type of what we hope for, if we do not yet fully realize, in the American mind. Lofty in its aspirations and powers, yet comprehensive and eminently practical. He was the rarest and grandest of political philosophers, for he did not become skeptical. He grew stronger and stronger in faith as he reasoned more. He philosophized on Dimocratic institutions, and he found a great science in them. Into the perplexities of this science he cast his whole soul, and he has made it full of light. This light's left to us. The name of Webster has become a strong tower of detense for Democracy. He yielded to no statesman of ancient or modern times in the grand dignity, the clear

defense for Democracy. He yielded to no statesman of sucient or modern times in the grand dignity, the clear coolnes so his intellect—and to no martyred partiot in his enthusiastic love of Liberry.

For the loss of such a stateman, America mouras deep dy, yet calmiy, hopefully and proudly. While we lament the death of Webster, we glory that he has lived. In his own inspiring words, "The past at least is secure." His fame is our, his intellect and character are our. These have emobled the American name for all time. Our confidence in Democratic institutions is stronger, that they have developed and energized so great a mind—that the p-inciples of these institutions have found estreet, truthful expression in so lofty and intellectual a ferm.

form.

We remember with pride so grand an embodiment of Republicanism in hi-lite, and with no less satisfaction do we contemplate the simple resignation, the calm strong severity of his death. It was a death worthy of a true American statesmar—end we are thankful for the completeness of Heaven's gift.

We only you that we may ever passionately love and reverence such greatness, whereby we may ourselves

It seems that all went not merry as marriage bell at the inauguration of Gov. Lane, at A writer from that place to a St. Louis pa per cays:

According to a published actice from the office of the Secretary, our citizens assembled on Monday last at 12 e cleck, M., to witness the cremonies of inauguration in front of the Palace, where a spacious platform was erected for the occasion. Just as the ceremonies were

erected for the occasion. Just as the ceremonies were about to commence, "Oh, what a fail was there, my countrymen " the whole platform came down with a crash, tumbling Gevernor, Chief Justice, Secretary, Minister, officers and people into one promisesous huddle, where all distinctions were for a moment lest in mutual embraces. We were about to become indignant with those who erected the platform (as this was the second occurrence of the kind upon the same spot within a little more than a year,) but we checked our rising indignation with the reflection that it had become fashionable now-adays to construct platforms of very rotten materials.

MAIL GLEANINGS.

ANOTHER TELEGRAPH FIRE ALARM.- The ANOTHER TELEGRAPH FIRE ALARM.—The New Orleans Picayans gives an account of a new telegraph fire alarm, invented by Mr. Taccomb, one of the operators in the New Orleans Telegraph Office. It is said to be far superior to the one now in successful operation in Boston. The Picayane says that it is intended to establish two batteries at different points of the city, from which a series of wires would extend in all directions. These are attached, by simple apparatus, to be let enter now existing or to be erected for the purpose, and at sixty different points from boxes are to be placed, enclosed in which is a species of clock-work, to be set in motion by simply inoving a small slide. This completes the connection, and instantaneously the alarm is given all over the city.

The clockwork, by a peculiar movement, not only gives the alarm, but strikes the Ward and the District in which the tire may be, and thus guides the firements.

gives the alarm, but strikes the Ward and the District in which the tire may be, and thus guides the firem: not once to the proper destination. The keys to those boxes are to be placed in the hands of the Police during the day, and the witchmen during the night. An electrical clock, to be placed in some central portion of the city, say the Mayor's Office in the Cry Hall, is to be attached, which will strike the hours simultaneously all over the say the Mayor's Office in the Ciry Hall, is to be attached, which will strike the hours simultaneously all over the ciry. The same apparatus which works the fire-alarm also answers for the clock. The whole expense of putting up the apparatus will not exceed \$13.09, while the cost of attending and keeping it in repair will be a mere trifle. The Mayor has a ready seen it, and the Fire Cemmittee of the two Boards of Aldermen are shortly to examine and report upon it.

CANADA POSTAGE LAWS-We are indebted Canada Postage Laws.—We are indebted to Hon. John Sanfell MacDonald, Spoaker of the Canadian Parliament, for a copy of the above laws recently passed by that body. Among its many provisions we notice two relating to the United States Mail, which are in substance as follows: The fourth section provides that the Fostmester-General may, with the approval of the Governer in Council, make any arrangement for showing the mails of the United States to be transported at the expense of the American Government over any portion of the Province from any one point in the same territory, upon obtaining the like privilege for the transportastion of the mails of the Province through the United States, when required. The fifth section provides that the United States Mail so-transported, walle in the Province, shall be deemed to be a mail of Her in the Province, shall be deemed to be a mail of Her Mejesty so far as to any violation thereof. The eighth section provides that it shall be lawful for any Postmas section provides that it shall be lawful for any Postmater to detain any post letter suspected to contain any contraband goods or merchandise on which duties are, by law, payable, and to forward the same to the nearest collector of Her Maje ty's customs, who, in the presence of the person to whom the letter is addressed, or in his absence, in case he is prevented from attendance after due notice, to open and examine the same, and in case such goods are found the said letter and contents are to be detained for the purpose of prosecution, and if no contribund goods are discovered the letter is to be forwarded to its address.

[Buffalo Advertiser,

We find the following in an essay of Proctor Parry Cornwall :

Prector l'arry Cornwall:

"There is something inexpressively touching in an anecdote which I have heard of a foreign artist. He was an Americae, and had come hither the and his young wife; to paint for ame and—a subsistence. They were strongers in Empland: they had to fight against prejudice and poverty; but their affection for each other soleced them under every privation, every frown of fortune. They could think, at least, all the way over the great Atlantic; and their finncy (little cherished here) had believe to be heav account the friends and scenes which they had left behind. A genteman who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the attack pointing-room, and observing him pale and worn. had not seen them for some time, went one day to the attack pointing-room, and observing him pale and worm, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, 'She has left mer,' and pro-ceeded in aburried way with his work. She was dead;' —and he was left alone to tolk, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hourded all his secrets, withis hopes, was cold; and Fame itself was but a hadron.

LP A division of Texas has been in agitation in that State for more than two years post. At the present time the advocates of division are multiplic Eastern ent time the savocates of division are mainly in Eastern Texes, where several newspapers are enlisted in the cause. We are informed by The Houston Telegraph to the schene is rapidly goining tavor, and that it is even proposed to hold an extra sension of the Lagislature upon the subject. The Telegraph stremuously opposes it, urging that, if there should be a division of the State, as proposed, into Eastern and Western Texas, there would be great danger of the western section becoming a free State, which The Telegraph thinks would much depreciate the value of slave property in Eastern Texas. It is stated that the success attending the culture of succer in Texas has been such that the country between the Trimity and Goad-lupe rivers is rapidly filing up with planters, and if the State remains united for some years longer, it will be pretty well peopled with a slave holding population.

BURNING OF THE CONGRED TRANKS TRANKS I TURNOUS

BURNING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BERNING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
AT SPENCERFORT.—News reached this city on Tuesday
that the fine new Church chifet, erocael at Speacerport
last year by the Congregationalist Society of Ogden,
was consumed by fire, on Marriay night. It cost toe Society \$6,000, and within a few weeks they had produced
a bell, and placed it in the tower, which, therefore with
some other fixturer, made \$600 additional expense.
The house was completed and dedicated in February
last, and the Society was in very prosperous circumstances, nearly out of debt. They have an insurance on
the building of \$4.900 which will savie underlasty in restances, nearly out of debt. They have an incurance of the building of \$4,200, which will as ist materially in a building. The origin of the fire is attributed to an including.

IRON MASTS IN A GALE.-In a letter from IRON MANTS IN A GALE.—In a letter from Libbon, dated the loth ulc., we find the following statement: "The British ship Typhoon, from built, from Glasgew, bound to Australia, with 224 emigrapts, put in here on the 6th inst. to repair damages, having lost her towarpit and foremest, and her main and mizen tapmasts. I find that the Typhoon was from masted, which was the cruse of her disaster, as the gale, in which all the mast were snapped, was one which wooden masts, I am talk, would have stood out very well. Her emigrant paseingers are about to be landed, and the Portuguese Government has obligingly agreed to lend a barrick, or some other building, for their accommodation."

I mary Burr, the last of the Punka quaz Indians, died at Centos, Mass, on Monday last, agost 101 years. There are many half and quarter obsols of that tribe, but none of full blood. The decessed many years since married with a colored man named Semore Burn and many of their children and grand-children are liv and many of their chairren and grand-chairen are hying in the State. At the time of her death she drew a
pension from the U.S. Government, in consequence of
tervices rendered by her husband in the revolutionary
war. Eliza Williams, a sister of hers, died at Stoughton
four years since, aged 101 years and 1 month. Another
sister, Menneh Nuff, died at Canton a few years since,

The Boston Atlas says the clipper-ship "Queen of the Seas," Capt. Knight, which sailed from this port on Wednesday, for San Francisco, displayed great speed in going down the harbor. With only her lib set, she actually went between 10 and 11 miles an how, frequently ranging ahead of the steamer John Tay-lor, which was under a full head of scain. Cartain Matthew Hunt, one of our most intelligent and exper-ienced pilots, who took her down, says, that, though the wind was blowing a good wholesale breeze, taking into consideration that the strip drew 21 feet of water, her perfermance was without a parallel in his experience.

The Morris Jerseyman says no recent in telligence has been received from Mass Carpenter, whose sudden disappearance from her friends in that vicinity on Sunday, the 17th ult., caus diso much alarm. variety on Sunday, the 17th air, caue deo much alarm. That might she applied for shelter at a private house between North and South Orange, almost worn out from fatigue, but no traces can be had of her since. She was evidently delirious, and stated she was going to Polladelphis, which place her framis visited, but learned no tidings of her in any direction. It also says that Madden, who was arrested at Baltimore on suspicion of being the murderer of MacDougal at Shippingport, proved not to be the man.

The Charleston Courier says: "It speaks wen for the impartiality and dignity of the Am Nation, that although on the eve of an exciting Po Nation, that although on the eve of an exciting Presiden-tial centert, men of all parties, from a prof and respect they entertained to the memory of New-England's dis-inguished dead, have abstained generally from wrang-ging over the dead body of Casar. Indeed we scarce-tly, if ever, recollect having seen so spontaneous and anamasus an outpouring of grief as has been exhibited by the American press of all political creeds on this mel-anchely occasion. It is alike honorable to the illustrious dead, the Nation and the Press."

On Friday last, James Grav, aged 23 Fer On Friday last, James Gray, aged 23 years, the youngest son of Mr. Arthur Gray of Union, Broome Co., committed suicide by hanging. The Republican says: "He was in the house as late as 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr Gray and his family left home to attend a funeral of Mr. Stow, leaving a hired girl in the house. They returned about dark and missing James, it ey made search for him and found his in the harn near by, imnging by the neck—lead. The deceased had always lived at the father's house, and no cause is known for the melanchely tragedy."

According to universal custom in the country towns of New-England, in the town of Marsh-field on the Sabbath of Mr. Webster's death, between the field on the Sabbath of Mr. Webster's death, between the hours of 7 and 8 in the morning, the bell of the parish church was rung violently, to announce to the startled inhabitants within hearing that a death had occurred among them. Then it was struck three times three as a signal that a male person had die! Next the bell was struck slowly and deliberately secenty strakes—to denote the age of the dead; and then there went up a mournful voice from every house, "It must be that Daniel Webster is dead."

17 The Newark Advertiser states that at the late term of the Middlesex Co. Court, the Grand Jury passed resolutions expressive of their regret that Judge Nevius term of office had expired, and tendered their Nevius' term of office had expired, and tendered their respect and graftlude for his numerous acts of kindness and courtesy during his continuance as one of the Judges of the Court. They also requested of him a copy of his address at the opening of the Court. Judge Norius returned his thanks for their kindness, but declines furnishing the address for publication, as a departure from

the A dispatch from Cape Girardeau, Mo., states that Hon J. D. Cook, late U. S. Attorney for Misseuri District, expired at his residence near Cape Girardeau, on the morning of the 28th ult., at 7 o'clock.

ordinary practice and not called for by any public exi-

THE JUDICIARY OF MASSACHUSETTS IN DAN-GER.—The Nee Bedford Mercury says: "We learn from a private source that the learned Chief Justice Shaw, together with his no less learned associates of the Supreme Judicial Court, Mesers. Fletcher and Cushing, will soon Judicial Court, Messrs. Fletcher and Cusaning.

resign. This event, should it occur, will at once throw
the Judicial power of the State into the hands of the Execuive. John H. Clifford may of course be trusted to
put proper men upon the bench. Of course no Coslition
Governor can be trusted, for the sample reason that he
must barter, sell and dispose of any office in his gift for
the emolument and benefit of his party."

Le The Spring field Republican says: Hampshire County gave the largest plurality for Scott-1.875 -of any county in Massachu etts, and that and Barn-stable are the only counties which gave him a clear mastable are the only counties which gave aim a creat ma-jority. The majority in Hampshire was 629, in Barn-stable 34. Every county in the State, but Suffelk and Middlesex, gave Whig puralities. Franklin County has another especial honor, besides that of being the only county in the Sate to make a net Whig gain at the Presidential election over its Governor vote of last year. Presidential election over its Governor vote of last year. It is also the only county in the State that gave no boil-

Recorder, we learn that in the six New-England States, there are 1,367 Orthodox Congregational Churches. The sum total of members is 133,518, of whom only 49,387 are makes. The whole number of ministers is 1,366; of these 284 are without any charge; and only 857 of them are settled as pastors. The net increase of members in the above churches the past year, was 1,631, which gives but a fraction over one member to each church. About one-fith of these churches have neither pastors not stated supplies.

VERMOND.—Hon. Alvah Sahina, White has the state of the second of the s 17 From an article in The Boston Paritan

VERNONT .- Hon. Alvah Sabine, Whig, has without doubt been elected to Congress from the North-eta District of Vermont, by a large plurality. At the September trial he failed of an election by want of a September trial he failed of an election by want of a majority, having a plurality of some fitteen hundred over his highest opponent. So far as heard from, he has gained over the previous votes, and as a plurality elects at the second trial, there can be no doubt he has been chosen. Vermont, therefore, sends an unbroken Whit delegation to the next Congress. [Boston Arlas.]

We regret to announce to-day the death We regret to announce to day the death of Mr. J. C. Ack-man, one of the most prominent and respected citizens of New-Brunswick, which took place at his residence on Wednesday evening last-aged 59 years. His death will be mourned by a wide circle of friends, and to the community in which he lived, particularly, the less is one, we presume, which cannot easily be made up. No man enjoyed a higher character for uprightness, and as an adviser in all public enterprises he was considered eminently judicious and exceptions. The Democrats of Nottingham, N. J.

were making preparations on Thursday to celebrate their victory, and for this purpose brought into requisition an old cannon, which had been lying about the river bank since the Revolutionary War. They were trying the cannon, in order to have it ready for the evening meeting. At the third explosion it bursted and killed William Danberry. A fragment of the gun struck him and knocked him a distance of ten or twelve feet, and killed him instantly.

Ly A city ordinance has lately been passed in Lynn, by virtue of which, any child between the ages of six and fifteen, in thaving any regular employment, and falling to attend school, on complaint at the Po Court shall be fined not exceeding \$10, or to be sent

The Norfolk Co. (Mass.) Democrat says that "the Whig party is the rum party in the Common-wealth," whereupon The Boston Atlas remarks; "This is a poor electioneering device. We hope, however, that on Monday next it will show that it has the the The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:

"Franklin County is the only county in the State which inside a net White gain. All honor to Franklin! The fact may not be relevant, but it may be mentioned that Charles Allen, of Greenfield, is the Chairman of the The Boston Journal understands that Hen George S. Hidard has accepted the invitation of the city to deliver an eulogy on Daniel Webster, and that the Committee have fixed upon the 30th of November for the common terms.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TAGHCONIC: OR, LETTERS AND LEGENDS ABOUT OUR SUMMER HOME. By Godfrey Greylock. 12mo. pp. 2.8. Boston: Redding & Co.

This book is devoted to Berkshire-a pleasant theme. Every one who has visited that remantic mountain region of Massachusetts, loves to listen to its praises. Next to a summer ramble over the Berkshire hills, is the reading of a faithful description of their picturesque beauties. The volume before us, accordingly, though late in the season, comes in good time, and will prove an agreeable companion by the winter's fire. We will give our readers a few of the pictures from this living gallery, beginning with

gallery, beginning with

LENOX AND IT SCENERY.

In tradition, and in books, far and near, is Lenox
known as one of the most charming mountain towns in
New-England. The traveler never forgets the joy
which breaks in upon him through his gratified senses,
when, on a fresh Summer morning, he mounts its hill
for the first time. He knows not whether to admire
most the rural neatness of its quiet village, the pure,
sweet nir whose briskness so braces his nerves, or the
varied beauty of its landscapes. How it cools a fevered brein, and restores the elasticity of a depressed spirit, to feel one-self treading freely upon green earth unbounded by iron railings, and to gaze into a blue sky uncleaded by smoke and dust! Those only who leave the hot ter-races and singed air of a city, can worthly panegyrize the dewy mornings, the cool, luxuriant verdure, and the wide prospect which regale the senses in a mountain region like ours. We take an honest pride in watching the glow of health gradually suffusing the pale checks of those who come to suff our air. How buoyant become the spirits, let loose from sickly confinement upon that which "every natural heart enjoyer!" How ring the merry shouts up our joyous hills!

which "every natural heart enjoys" How ring the meny shouts up our joyous hills!

The stranger will need no guide to find such charms. He need but confidently open the porches of his senses, and it shall go very hard if they fail to stream in through each links it matters not so much at what season he came, so he being with him a mind capable of appreciating and enjeying a beauty which changes with every varying aspect of the heavens. There is the balm of a May morning; the quickening vitality of the warmth of June; and the mellow glory of October—as well as the scurperative freshness of our July and August, to those who follow the example of the Roman, in decing from "mad dogs and streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country." They are doubtless wise in the light of their own philosophy, who seek a rural retreat like ours, for a month or two—ready to hatten back to the delighte of "trivial pomp and city notes," as soon as the dog star abates his rage a little but let not such presume to fancy themselves at all conversant with the budding ripening and fading beauties of the "awelling year," as it unfolds itself in our hill country!

But to the mere lover of natural scenery, though he

But to the mere lover of natural scenery, though he But to the mere lover of natural scenery, though he inger, never tiring of the varied pleasures revealed to him, the half has not been told. He who regards our village only as a part of the "great world of eye and ear," may be deeply impressed with its claims upon his admiration, and yet go away but ill prepared to do justice to its truest leauties. A Berkshire winter is almost bleak enough to become a proverb; but some of us, who have braved its blasts, would not barter the prospect which it brings, of the genial delights of warm sire-skiles and warm hearts, for the prospect of an Italian spring, or of three months in the spice-groves of Araby the blost! He who would give Lenox its due meed of praise, must be able to intervene the first impressions of the strain. be able to interweave the first impressions of the stranger with the matured acquaintance of the resident. If that cannot be the lot, we would tell him that here is the wealth of personal worth; that here have lived, and still live, many whom the world delight to honor; that still live, many whom the world delight to honor; that here, in a quiet seclusion congenial to thought and fancy reflecting and guited minds have plumed many "winger

still live, meny whom the world delight to honor; that here, in a quiet seclusion congenial to thought and fancy, reflecting and gifted minds have planned many "winged words" for a ceaseless flight.

In order to get the best distant view of Lenox, you must approach it by the Lebanon road. As you wind down the mountain, you get occasional glimpses of the spires of a half-hid viliage, on an eminence east of you. Soon a turn in the road brings you in sight of a broad, cultivated swell of ground, sloping gently up from beneath you, on the brow of which, so embosomed in shrubbery that it promises to reveal much more than you are now permitted to see, stands the main part of the viliage. The spire which you see upon the left is upon the steeple of the Congregational Church, which overlooks the village from an eminence north of it. As you approach, the tafts of trees open parially and disclose a cluster of white houses stretching a third of a mile from north to south, and upon several streets converging toward the center of the village; the whole so thick set with maples and elms that very few of the buildings can be distinctly seen. While nearing the village from this direction, you have on the right a fine view over a broad, green vailey, extending into the towns of Stockbridge and West Stockbridge, and cooped snugly in on all sides by ridges of hills. It was while traveling over this same road, with this lovely scene beneath them, that a party of Hungarians, who had come to Lenox in search of employment, could not refrain from raising their hands and shouting their admiration to the fall extent of their English, in repeated excismations of "becuty! beauty!"

We have entered Lenox by an unusual route. If the care on the Housatonic railroad set you down at the clepts, shout two miles from the village, you will have a carriage ride all the way up hill. The road for a part of the way is delightful. The marmar of a brook on each tide of you is a pleasant exchange for the houser mumbing of the care, and you become sensib

terly dissenant from the ideas suggested by the sound of the whistle, that—if we may forcetall the traveler in his reflection—the incongruity of the tales told to your senses will be the burden of your thoughts. A railroad through the marts of trade, on the banks of the Hudson, or even over the Rocky Mountains, whether the gold rigion invites, you could contemplate with quies compiscency; but here, where the golden age still seems to linger, the vulger snortings of the iron-horse grate harshly upon the car. If the Latin poet thought the the heart of that man who first thwarted the designs of Heaven in cutting off the land from the "unsociable there was the heaven in cutting of the land from the "unsociable there was the contemplate the designs of the land from the "unsociable there was the contemplate the designs of the land from the "unsociable there was the land from the "unsociable there was the contemplate the designs of the land from the "unsociable there was the land from the "unsociable the land from t

to linger, the vulgar snortings of the iron-horse gracharshy upon the car. If the Latin poet thought the the harst of that man who first thwarted the designs of Heaven in cutting off the land from the "unociable ocean," by tempting it with his implous bark, must have been girt with "brass and triple steel," judge, O ye gods! how insensate must that wretch have been who first turned the leaden eyes of railway harpies toward our quiet village! How must slumber have forever forsaken his eyehils who thus "unurdered sleep."

But your memory having been recalled to the fact that you are on your way to Lenox, you will be wondering long before you get a glimpse of it, where there can be a village so far up. Your expectation almost tires of seeing it perehed, invitingly, on some hilltop now hid from view, to which the consideration that a "city set on a hill ought net to be hid, certainly brings no relief, but netwithstanding your reflections, up and still up you ge, till you suddenly find yourself in the back streets of the village. Lenox has the highest elevation of any village in the country, being at least 1,300 feet show the sea level. Yet situated on a hill among hills, protected as mewhat by a sort of amphilicater of ridges, without being shut away from the coch breezes which sweep as gratefully over these mountain ranges in sammer, the tree memeter actually indicate less extremes of has and cold than in the villages located in the adjacent valleys. Whether it be principally owing to as position or to that combined with the plessing inducement to walking and riding offered by the shady avenues and delightful roads diverging in so many directions from Lenox, or to the superudded effect of the cheerful marality which prevais, that the checks of the young was such a peculiarly healthy glow, it is certain that this never falls to attract the notice of strangers. It was with less surplies than gratification, considering the favorableness to health of the locality, and of the parsuin to which its inhabitants are devote

Unlike the rugged, grotesque scenery to be nest with in some parts of Berk hire, the landscapes adjacent to Lerex are rather of a picturesque character. There is hardly a rod of level land in the town, yet there is very little that can be called broken. Even the hills, not withstanding their hold proximity, present such a social and inviting aspect, that no one in whose car natural sections speaks an intelligible hanguage, will remain long in sight of them without accepting their invitation to climb their sunny sides. Bald Summit, in the Southwest, tenders as tempting a request as any; he is a brower, tenders as tempting a request as any; he is a brower specular mount," and will repay you with a prospecting grandeur and beauty not easily surpassed. The view he gives your vision frowns. If you want a guide book take "I Allegro" with you, and passing from swell to lange of your vision frowns. If you want a guide book take "I Allegro" with you, and passing from swell to swell, from hill top to hill top, all the region over, you will find nothing to mar the gayety of its pictures. Sunny slopes, covered with "meadows trim;" delightful swells undulsting over broad, green valleys; hills on whose, sides cultivated fields alternate with havariant wood land patches—the very summits of many crowned with the sweetest pasturage; little lakes of peerless beauty smiling out of their sheltered bests among the hills; villages in several directions, embowered in shrubbery that tempers the glow of their white buildings; the whole scene begirt in the distance, in some directions, by sturdy elevations, and in others by long ings; the whole scene begitt in the distance, in some directions, by sturdy elevations, and in others by long ridges drawing a clear line against the sky, are the main features of a picture—for the coloring and details of which you must be indebted to Bald Summit himself.

Here we have a notice of some of the literary lions who have given celebrity to Berkshire.

MISS SEDOWICK

And first, of Mire Sedgwick. At the bare mention of And first, of Miss Sedgwick. At the bare mention of her name, we seem to see a whole troop of sunny faced children gathering close around us—for white hers is a name which men of the sturdless intellect have long associated with whatever is graceful in literature, we know of none more adapted to beguite "yoong children from play, and the old from the chimney corner." Yet we cannot speak of Miss Sedgwick as we would, for we venture to say that the retirement of her private life would reveal more to admire the more it was unfolded; we cannot even speak treely of the condulity of her manners, the charms of her conversation, or the winning grace of her whole life; for if we knew aught of these things beyond others, it could only have been from her own confiding courtesy. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to regard her in a position which she shares with many others, and to place the great in her character more prominently before the eye than the good.

her character more prominently before the eye than the good.

The first part of Miss Sedgwick's literary career wasf spent in Stockbridge, the place of her birth. Many of the beautiful descriptions of scenery to be met with throughout her writings, are transcripts of impressions made upon her mind by the scenery among which her youthful imagination was nurtured, in the levely valley of the Housstonic. There is no trait in her mental constitution which gives more grace to all the goings forth of her life-intellectual and social—than its inform affinity for natural beauty. She has done much to induce a livelier sympathy with the beautiful in the minds of all but more especially in the humbler classes, who have been supposed to be almost, of necessity, out of the reach of its refining influence. She has given names, and by her descriptions, attractiveness, to many of the most admired features of Berkshire scenery; and our horticultural exhibitions are always graced by a boquet of flowers reared by her own hand.

Neither in her intellect nor her feelings has Mist.

tural exhibitions are sloways graced by a boquet of nowers reared by her own hand.

Neither in her intellect nor her feelings has Mist
Sedgwick been trammeled by any of the straight-laced
notions of a school. The simplicity of nature has never
been trained by art to rigidity; nor have the spontaneous premptings of intelligence and good-will been
curbed into too decent a conformity with conventional
models. Her views on all subjects embracing human
relations are uncommonly liberal and tolerant, and are
only equaled in breadth by her universal sympathy
with the true and the good, wherever found. If the
mode in which she ridiculed the extravagances into
which religious doctrines, held sacred by so large a
shere of her countrymen, had been suffered to run, and
which got for the "New England Tale" the reputation of shere of her countrymen, had been suffered to run, and which got for the "New England Tale" the reputation of being a covert attack against the doctrines themselves, seems to form an exception—we can only say that it must be an exception, for it certainly has no parallel in her writings, and no sanction in her private character. While we must acknowledge that it is a perilous undartaking to ridicule religious excesses—and while we must in candor say that we think Miss Sedgwick has erred upon the more dangerous side, yet when we take into consideration the fact that the Tale was commenced as a religious tract, with a sincere desire to open men's eyes to matters which may have needed correction, and that, after it had grown into a book under the author's hands, she entertained no idea of publishing it, until aimest compelled by her friends, we cannot think that it ought to impair the validity of our assertion, drawn from her later writings, and the impression of her private life, that she has a cordial love for all that is lovely, and a ready sympathy for all that is worthy of it. Though strongly American in her attachments, she could yet see and acknowledge wherein we are behind our brathers of the Old World; her conviction of the absurdity of our eternal self-glorification as a country, her recorded on the titlenance of her "letters from the restriction of the substitution of the titlenance of her "letters from the restriction." our premiers of the Old world; her converted of as absundity of our eternal self-glorification as a country, the recorded on the title-page of her "Letters from Abroad," in a motto which we think the might adopt in her opinions of other things with equal truth: "Well-John, I think we must acknowledge that God Al-mighty had a hand in making other countries besides our own."

our own."

It is impossible to read any of the writings of Miss Sedgwick without being impressed with the idea that she wrote not for applause, nor for self-gratification, but with a more generous sim, and with a higher ambittion. We know of no American author who has done tut with a more generous aim, and with a higher ambition. We know of no American author who has done so much to eradicate false notions of domestic education, or of social economy, who has made so many homes happy, and infused such sterling principles with such spatie tones into the popular philosephy. Would that there were more gentle apritts to rise and follow in her step.—to imbrue their own minds first with a love of truth, the broad, sound, fundamental truth which underlies human prosperity in its widest scope, and then devote themselves to its propagation, with the orionsness and humility of Miss Sedgwick! If they should not all produce works which for their literary mert, but more for their sanctifying induence, future ages will not let die, the thought of the poor whem they have cheered, of the schols they have fotered and the ignorant they have lured to a love of knowledge, will, as we are sure it does, to gladden the screne maturity of Miss Sedgwick's life, breathe into their reflection.—
"the couscionsness of living in

"the consciousness of living in The graterul memory of the good!"

HAWTHORNE AND HIS BERESHIRE SURROUNDINGS.

Of Hawthorne we feel at liberty to speak more freely. The example which he himself has set us, in his introduction to "The Scarlet Letter," is of itself sufficient to remove all scruples that we might otherwise have.

On the northern shore of the Stockbridge Bowl, in a spot of unrivaled loveliness, stands a small, unmut ng red house with green window-binds, and with one significant to the day, and you would think it vacant; the doors would all be shut, the blinds all closed, and that sincle pine tree would look as sufley as if it were considered. doors would all be shut, the blinds all closes, and un-single pine tree would look as suffen as if it were con-scious of its loueliness. There would be no path to the gate, and no knocket on the door, and you would im-mediately conclude that the red house of the two gables was shut against the resort of men—and you would not be for from right, for there lives Nathaniel Hawthorne. If however, on a closer inspection you observed a be far from right, for there lives Nathaniel Hawthorne. It, however, on a closer inspection you observed a wreath of smoke curling up from the chinney of the house of the two galdes, and had curiosity enough to sounter about the precincts, in hopes of seeing signs of life, until about 4 o'clock, you would finally hear the door creak, and there would stand before you a middling-sized, thick-set men, with a large, vincrous feet, and, lying undern profusion of coarse, black hair, a head of massive development. There would be no particular feature in his countenance of especial issuary, except it were his dark and intelligent eye, arched by a very black eye-brow—yet you would gather from the tout case while of the expression that it betokened an intensely-working and thorough going intellect. Were it not that the countenance is relieved and hightened by the vigor and intensity of mental activity, that beams through a you would think there was accepting in it were heavy you would

and intensity of mental activity, that beams through it, you would think there was something in it very heavy and sometre. If you ever had any hint that there was a